

*Imogen awakes.*

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?  
 I thanke you: by yond bush, pray how farre thence?  
 'Ods pittikins: can it be fixe mile yet? I haue  
 I haue gotte all night: 'Faith, he lye downe, and sleepe.  
 But soft: no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!  
 These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World:  
 This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:  
 For so I thought I was a Caue-keeper, and  
 And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:  
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing.  
 Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,  
 Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith  
 I tremble still with feare: but if there be  
 Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie  
 As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.  
 The Dreame's heere still: euen when I wake it is  
 Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.  
 A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?  
 I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:  
 His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh  
 The brawnes of *Hercules*: but his louall face  
 Murd'rous in heauen? How 'tis gone. *Pisano*,  
 All Curses madd'd *Hecuba* gaue the Greekes,  
 And mine to boot, be dartsed on thee: thou  
 Conspir'd with that Irregulous diuell *Cloten*,  
 Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,  
 Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisano*,  
 Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisano*)  
 From this most brauest vessell of the world,  
 Strooke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,  
 Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?  
*Pisano* might haue kill'd thee at the heart,  
 And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisano*?  
 'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them  
 Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!  
 The Drugg he gaue me, which hee said was precious  
 And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it?  
 Murd'rous to th' Senses? That confirms it home:  
 This is *Pisano*'s deede, and *Cloten*: Oh  
 Giue colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
 That we the horrid may seeme to thole  
 Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

*Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.*

*Cap.* To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia  
 After your will, haue cross't the Sea, attending  
 You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:  
 They are heere in readinesse.

*Luc.* But what from Rome?

*Cap.* The Senate hath stir'd vp the Confiners,  
 And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,  
 That promise Noble Service: and they come  
 Vnder the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,  
*Syenna*'s Brother.

*Luc.* When expect you them?*Cap.* With the next benefit o'th'winde.*Luc.* This forwardnesse

Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers  
 Be must'r'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,  
 What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

*Sooth.* Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision  
 (I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:  
 I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd  
 From the spungy South, to this part of the West,  
 There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends  
 (Vnlesse my senses abuse my Diuination)

Success to th' Roman host.

*Luc.* Dreame often so,  
 And neuer false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?  
 Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime  
 It was a wort by building. How? a Page?  
 Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:  
 For Nature doth abhorre to make his Bed  
 With the defunct, or sleepe vpon the dead.  
 Let's see the Boyes face.

*Cap.* Hee's aliae my Lord.

*Luc.* Hee'll then instruct vs of this body: Young one,  
 Inform vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes  
 They craue to be demand'd: who is this  
 Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he  
 That (otherwise then noble Nature did)  
 Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest  
 In this sad wracke? How came't? Who is't?  
 What art thou?

*Imo.* I am nothing: or if not,  
 Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,  
 A very valiant Britaine, and a good,  
 That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,  
 There is no more such Masters: I may wander  
 From East to Occident, cry out for Service,  
 Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer  
 Finde such another Master.

*Luc.* Lacke good youth:  
 Thou mou'st no lesse with thy complaining, then  
 Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.

*Imo.* *Richard du Champ*: If I do lye, and do  
 No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope  
 They'll pardon it. Say you Sir?

*Luc.* Thy name?*Imo.* *Fidele* Sir.

*Luc.* Thou doo'st approue thy selfe the very same:  
 Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:  
 Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say  
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure  
 No lesse belov'd. The Romane Emperors Letters  
 Sent by a Confull to me, should not sooner  
 Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

*Imo.* Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,  
 He hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe  
 As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when  
 With wild wood-leaves & weeds, I ha' strow'd his graue  
 And on it said a Century of prayers  
 (Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sigh,  
 And leauing so his seruice, follow you,  
 So please you entertaine mee.

*Luc.* I good youth,  
 And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,  
 The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs  
 Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,  
 And make him with our Pikes and Partizans  
 A Graue: Come, Attune him: Boy hee's prefer'd  
 By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd  
 As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,  
 Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise. *Exeunt*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisano.*

*Cym.* Again: and bring me word how 'tis with her,  
 A Feauour with the absence of her Sonne;

A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heaueus,  
 How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,  
 The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene  
 Vpon a desperat bed, and in a time  
 When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,  
 So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past  
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,  
 Who needs must know of her departure, and  
 Dost seeme so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee  
 By a sharpe Torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,  
 I humbly ser it at your will: But for my Mistris,  
 I nothing know where she remains: why gone,  
 Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,  
 Hold me your loyall Seruant.

*Lord.* Good my Liege,  
 The day that she was missing, he was heere;  
 I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe  
 All parts of his subiection loyally. For *Cloten*,  
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
 And will no doubt be found.

*Cym.* The time is troublesome:  
 Wee'll slip you for a season, but our ieaalousie  
 Do's yet depend.

*Lord.* So please your Maiesty,  
 The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,  
 Are landed on your Coast, with a supply  
 Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queene,  
 I am amaz'd with matter.

*Lord.* Good my Liege,  
 Your preparation can affront no lesse (ready:  
 Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're  
 The want is, but to put those Powres in motion,  
 That long to moue.

*Cym.* I thanke you: let's withdraw  
 And meete the Time, as it seeks vs. We feare not  
 What can from Italy annoy vs, but  
 We greene at chanc'es heere. Away. *Exeunt*

*Pis.* I heard no Letter from my Master, since  
 I wrote him *Imogen* was slaine. 'Tis strange:  
 Nor heere I from my Mistris, who did promise  
 To yeeld me oftentimes. Neither know I  
 What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine  
 Perplex't in all. The Heaueus still must worke:  
 Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.  
 These present warres shall finde I loue my Country,  
 Euen to the note o'th' King, or Ile fall in them:  
 All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,  
 Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. *Exit.*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Arviragus.*

*Gui.* The noyses round about vs.  
*Bel.* Let vs from it.

*Arui.* What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it  
 From Action, and Adventure.

*Gui.* Nay, what hope  
 Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines  
 Must, or for Britaines slay vs or receiue vs  
 For barbarous and vnaturall Reuolts  
 During their vse, and slay vs after.

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